

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

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Illustration by ARTHUR HALL

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. Uncle Billy, a stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a man's body. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella, Anthony's daughter, Vincent's sweetheart, is introduced. Vincent is assigned the route in uncharted plans of enemies of railroad being built. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on the road and receives token of esteem from Stella. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel landlady. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and hears their secrets. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boasts. Plying his attentions Cadwallader insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. In turn he proposes marriage, is rejected, leaves her and she will love. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship. Stella is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also found. Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flora. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. Alfred and Stella pledge their troth and former is compelled to leave on company business. Bernard leaves for scene of husband's recent "strike," leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl repulses Gideon's advances. In showing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment. Banquet in railroad town is scene of more monopolization of Alfred by Miss Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, deprecating the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches. Viola's love for Alvin, a telegraph operator, is revealed. Gideon returns to Stella and finding offers of love rejected, makes a threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. When Stella discovers this she makes a desperate effort and looks passage on stage, which is attempting to beat that of rival company.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

A deep rumble shook the town. The "Governor Stanford" raced into the station. Flying figures caught up mail and treasure and ran with them to the waiting coach. Passengers, their linen dusters floating back on the night breeze, hurried after, gulping Sally B.'s scalding coffee on the run and snatching her neatly packed hot lunches.

Stella, fastening her cloak and carrying a small valise in the other hand, came flying out of the hotel door. She pressed her scant golden horde into the booking clerk's hand as she passed. "Give the change to Mrs. Sally," she said through set teeth, and ran around in the street to the opposite side of the stage. "Please help me up, sir," she called softly to the passenger on the box. "I've booked, and I'm to have the seat next you."

The man moved, intending to step down and help her up; but the hostlers cried: "All ready!"

"No, no! There isn't time," Stella called frantically, as she heard Uncle Billy answer the hostlers. "Reach me your hand!" she implored, her foot on the forward hub.

The passenger obeyed, and she was seated, the "luck rose" safe between her teeth, when Uncle Billy sprang up, crying "Let 'em go!" His face was full of disappointment in spite of the jovial replies he flung back to the torrent of good wishes from the bystanders. As he swiftly gathered the lines he caught sight of Stella.

"Good Lord! You can't go, honey!" "I must! You'll—"

The hostlers loosed their hold with a yell and the horses sprang out. With wild cheers behind them they plunged into the black night. The race was again on.

CHAPTER XXI

The Race.

Eastward through thick darkness they flew. Stella, untimid, knowing horses as the smart girl of to-day knows her pedigreed dog, yet marveled at Uncle Billy's timely discernment of every rut and hole; at the skill that slowed or gave rise to the galloping team with such nice calculation.

The sharp rushing air made Stella shiver. Uncle Billy felt it through the same sense that guided him over the unseen road. Shifting the lines to his right hand, with the other he pulled a buffalo robe from under the seat and adjusted it about her with quick skill.

"Thank you," she said gratefully, and was silent on account of the stranger at her left. Yet a little later, under cover of the dark, the rose went into Uncle Billy's button-hole, and in answer to his low question Stella repeated the booking clerk's news of Gideon.

An inhospitable gray crept at last into the sky, and showed the road dully red. The last wet winding through the air in long, unending coils. Though no horse was struck, the six leaped to added speed.

"Come on, boys! It's the day of 'em' life!" Uncle Billy called cheerily. "You, Socks an' Boots, set 'em a pace there!"

It was a trumpet call to the leaders. Indeed, all the horses caught the race spirit and stretched to their task with almost human ardor.

"Mistake Montague, will you time us from that pine tree yonder?" the driver asked of the passenger on the other side of Stella.

"Three forty-four," he said when a mile had sped behind.

"It would have been three twenty-four if old Snortch and Possey had been leading. But I reckon we'll make this beat in pretty good shape with Socks and Boots."

"That's great speed. You can't make it much of the time, can you?"

"No, sah; not as much of the time as I'd like to." Uncle Billy barely touched the "high swing" horse with the lash, and the double tree pulled true again. "This is the best team I'll have; and two hours later there'll be a heap of wagons on the grade. No other chance for speed this side of Donner Lake. Hey, there, Socks an' Boots! Stretch yo'selves!"

"What queer names," ventured Stella, her eyes on the straining leaders.

"Yes, it fits, though. See? That nigh leadeh's white clean up to his sorrel knees; the other's sorrel plumb down to his white fetlocks."

Foam-flecked, panting, dripping, the wheel horses dug with dust, they swung into the first changing station. Uncle Billy was on the ground before the wheels had stopped, and forward among the horses. He gave the one nearest him an affectionate slap and a low word. Stella saw the faded creature turn to the caress and knew then why John Spalding said that Billy Dodge could get more out of his stock with less damage than any other driver the company had.

The change was made with incredible swiftness. A fresh team stood harnessed and ready. A man to each horse, they led them in line and hooked them up close upon the heels of the retiring team. Other men looked to the running gear, tested the

Why, they operated for hundred and fifty miles as fast back as '53. They kept adding territory till they had eleven hundred and mo' miles, and upwards of twelve hundred head of stock."

"They've sold most of their lines, haven't they?" the young man asked. "Yes. The po' stage driver's getting steamered off the earth. I don't know what'll become of him."

"Oh, he'll get a job with the iron horse."

"We wouldn't win in that business. What would I do with a train?" Uncle Billy asked earnestly. "I don't know how to hook up hup, nothin' about the running gear, nor hoh disposition. If she kicked I wouldn't know whether it was to cause, or to devility."

"Perhaps not as an engineer; but as a conductor you'd be a shining success."

Stella indorsed that opinion enthusiastically.

"Did the California Stage company start the Overland Express, Mr. Dodge?"

"The western end, yes; and Louis McLane's operating it yet to Salt Lake. From there on it's the Old Man's goose. Been running daily ever since '59."

"Daily or otherwise," laughed the other.

"When it's otherwise, it's the Old Man's end," the driver said with emphasis.

"Keep yo' feet, you son of Poseidon!" he called suddenly as one of the "swing team" went down on his knees.

"Oh, oh! He's bleeding. Uncle Billy! His knees—his mouth—"

"Don't look, honey!" he said sympathetically. "It can't be helped. We've got to win if it kills the stock."

Yet he favored the poor stumbler when possible till they came to the changing station.

"What in—" Uncle Billy began angrily as soon as his feet touched the ground; but stopped, and sent a quick look toward Stella. "Is that all the

and spent the short moment examining each poor animal that would that day be martyred to the race.

"Yo' posy's brought one piece of luck, Stella," he said as he mounted again. "It's raining over there on them Placerville fellows."

Stella looked south to the black clouds overhanging high summits, and hoped that Uncle Billy himself could outdrive the storm that was roaring northward. They flashed by a toll gate, the driver sending a flying greeting to the gatekeeper.

Stella drew a breath of relief for the horses as they looked into fair Summit valley, a green gem set in the midst of barren rock and perpetual snow, its smooth level the only reminder of the lake it had supplanted.

Fresh horses at Tinker's, and on again!

"Ever seen Mr. Holladay's palace traveling coach?" Mr. Montague asked Uncle Billy a little later.

"No, sah; but I've heard of it. What does it look like?"

"It's luxury on wheels; bullet-proof, with kitchen, dining room and bedroom; all furnished gilt edged and sporting a chef."

For a long while was the only answer, for they had rounded a point and were looking out upon Donner lake, 3,000 feet below.

To-day no luxurious passenger speeding fast asleep through 40 miles of snow sheds may know the magnificence of that vision, the splendor of that morning flight down the zig-zagging steeps. A mile and a half as the crowd flies, and but three miles over the crooked wagon road, to the beautiful blue lake that mirrors alike heaven and tragedy. The way was too steep and tortuous for speed; yet the horses kept their steady gallop, the coach pressing hard upon them; and now and again the wheels on one side or the other whirled high in air as they swung around some sharp point or into a clashing gorge.

Past tremendous reaches of dark forest. Over long stretches of rock yet unclotted by nature. Rattling across torrent-cut gorges, over earth "fills," through narrow cuts. Ever down, down! At last one more plunge and out upon the haunted shore of the coruscant lake, the smooth, secret lake, that carries within its soundless bosom remembered horrors that named it.

Along its level shores the road stretched in straight or winding spaces, a fine track for racing. The horses leaped forward to a dead run, that never slackened till, at Coburn's, beside the swift, tortuous Truckee, the relief team met them.

On again. Out from fir forests and rocky barriers, and into the desert boundaries.

Chamberlain's and breakfast!

How glad they were to stretch themselves on earth once more! Yet no time for dallying.

"Made the last three miles in nine minutes!" Mr. Montague announced as he walked into the dining room.

But no one replied. Hurrying waiters, steaming dishes, silent, busy passengers—the scant halt passed like a gust; and again they were flying.

Again upward, past the spouting, Tartarus-smelling Steamboat springs, over the smooth Geiger grade, and at last into the gray, straggling city hung against the bare breast of Mount Davidson—Virginia, golden goal of their flight.

Superintendent Crocker, watch in hand, stood on the hotel steps to welcome them, as Uncle Billy swung in with a grand finishing flourish.

"One o'clock! Twenty-one hours and five minutes from San Francisco! Hurrah for you, Billy Dodge!" Mr. Crocker cried; and rousing cheers echoed from the waiting crowd.

"From Colfax our driver has averaged a mile in four and a third minutes," Mr. Montague called, looking up from a quick calculation.

"By George, Montague! That almost beats engine and steamer! Hurrah again, boys!"

"But where's the Placerville stage?" Uncle Billy asked as he came stiffly up the steps, Stella by his side.

"This came an hour ago," Mr. Crocker said, putting a dispatch in the driver's hand. "Read that," he exclaimed exultingly.

"Strawberry Valley, noon. Heavy rains, heavy roads, heavy loads," Uncle Billy read.

"We're in time, then?" Stella whispered softly.

Uncle Billy nodded. Wilder cheers made speech impossible.

Strawberry Valley was 63 miles away!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Three Thousand Feet Below Was Donner Lake.

wheels, saw that the lumbering coach was everywhere safe to continue its lurching, racking journey.

Stella now saw Uncle Billy on duty, silent, watchful, himself observed by all, the captain and autocrat of this horsethief battle against mountains and time. A proprietary pride warmed Stella's heart as she noticed the eager deference paid to him; his nonchalance; his apparent unconcern as he rubbed his hands limber while pacing slowly, or leaned in perfect repose against the rough porch pillar of the station house.

The bartender brought him a hot drink. He sipped a little and returned the glass unemptied. A woman came to the door with warm crullers; but he shook his head with a smile and a word that made refusal as gracious as acceptance.

"How is it the Chrysopolis didn't break down between Freeport and Sacramento?" asked a bystander, eager for news of the race. "I expected they'd play that trick on us."

Uncle Billy's lip curled. "The snipes! They had it fixed to slow up and take two hours for the 12 miles to Sacramento; but we beat 'em! Had a messengeh there on a race horse. He took the Virginia mail and papehs into Sacramento like greased lightning; and our train pulled out only 49 minutes after their cars left Freeport."

Scant were the moments, hardly reaching a plural, before they were off again.

"We'll pass Gideon suah; he's got powerful little the start of us," Uncle Billy whispered to Stella as he took his seat. "He can't get a fresh horse this side of Coburn's."

They were now on the long, long climb, though it dipped downward in a few short spaces. The sun rose in a belated glory long after it had gilded far western summits. It soon clouded; yet the brief glimpse cheered the travelers and loosed their tongues; and isolated exclamations expanded to conversation and stories.

On the box the two men exchanged anecdotes.

"Oh, yes," Uncle Billy responded to a question from the other, "the California State company's an old concern."

team you've got for me? That stock's plumb done up."

"I know it, Mr. Dodge," a hostler replied. "Charley's team went over the grade last night—two killed soon as they struck; and we had to give him your outfit. This is Livermore's stock, just in. Will you wait for water?"

"Cain't do it. Hook 'em up, po' devils! And don't take eternity for it, either!" the driver answered grimly.

the joke, which was not only on him, but his customers, who thought they had been eating venison.

Our Government Cemetery in Mexico. "Though very few people are aware of the fact," said an army officer the other day, "the United States government owns and maintains a national cemetery in Mexico. It is located at San Cosme, near the City of Mexico, and was purchased and established in the year 1850 for the purpose of interring the remains of the soldiers of the United States who died or were killed in that vicinity during the war with Mexico and also for the purpose of interring the bodies of citizens of the United States who have died in that vicinity since that period."

Washington Star.

Strange Tattooing. A London tattooer says that dragons and serpents are now popular with women. One of the strangest tasks he has been engaged on lately was to tattoo a will on a woman's back. It was a copy of a document drawn up in the usual way of a solicitor. It contained nearly 500 words, and he had to reproduce carefully all the signatures.

Growth of Character. Character, like a coral reef, is made bit by bit.—Symonds.

"CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS."



LAST AND GREATEST

PRESIDENTIAL TRUST OUTRANKS ALL OTHERS.

Monster Monopoly in Restraint of Freedom Has Its Roots in the White House—Standard Oil and Roosevelt.

To the 287 trusts discovered and catalogued by Josephus Daniels, plus one organized last week, candor compels the addition of the two hundred and eighty-ninth, promoted, instituted and established by Theodore Roosevelt—namely, the Presidential trust.

It has been perfected only recently and has been developed so fluently and insidiously that its presence is only now coming to be felt. It is not chartered. It knows no protection from Jersey laws. In its compliance with legal definitions it is lame and halt. It embodies no agreement or combination of persons or capital, but in its intent and power to monopolize, to restrain freedom, to interfere with the exercise of rights and liberties, and to influence free action by insinuating or stifling competition, it shows all the earmarks of the dread organization of monopoly.

Tendency to monopolize is the primal impulse of any trust. Mr. Roosevelt would make the presidency a monopoly. A trust always dictates. So does Mr. Roosevelt. A trust seeks to restrict the popular choice and to control it. So does Mr. Roosevelt. A trust aims to freeze out all others. So does Mr. Roosevelt. A trust says to the consumer of a commodity, "Deal with me; I can satisfy you." Mr. Roosevelt says to the consumers of the presidency, "Leave it to me; I'll fix the presidency for you."

A trust is jealous of encroachments on its field. So is Mr. Roosevelt. A trust goes to any length to hamper its competitors. So does Mr. Roosevelt. A trust stops at nothing to attain its ends. Neither does Mr. Roosevelt. From whatever angle the matter is viewed, the parallel is eloquent and deadly. Standard Oil says to the people, "You shall have no oil but my oil." Mr. Roosevelt says, "You shall have no candidate but my candidate."

In the attainment of its ends and the fulfillment of its purposes Standard Oil has left a trail of blighted hopes, shattered fortunes and the gaunt and hungry forms of ambitious competitors. In the attainment of his ends and the fulfillment of his purposes Theodore Roosevelt has left a trail as tragic and as sad. Standard Oil brooks no opposition; it bullies and overwhelms all opposition. Mr. Roosevelt is as impatient when crossed and as competent otherwise.

The argument is persuasive, logical and eloquent. We have a Presidential trust. It is Theodore Roosevelt—the combination of autocrat, dictator, censor, preacher, president, politician, monopolist and bully. Is any trust anything more?—St. Louis Republic.

Only the other day a railroad in Mexico purchased 28,000 tons of steel rails from the steel trust. The price was \$20 a ton. If those rails had been for a road anywhere in the United States the price would have been \$28 a ton. Why should the consumer at home pay through the nose a bonus of eight dollars a ton to the advantage of the foreign railroad as against the home road?

Emphatically the steel trust is a good trust—because "I" says so. If it desires to merge it is right that it should merge, for thereby it is doing a great public service. If it ever thought of doing wrong, so's you could notice, it would have got it in the neck. It never has got it in the neck, therefore every one must see that it has never thought of doing wrong. Logic is the easiest thing in the world if you only know how.

In 1896 the Republican party's hoped for power of legislation in congress was sold to the interests that wrote the Dingley tariff. Not the least important question in this year's politics is the extent to which the Republican national committee and its treasurer are putting the party up at auction and the market in which they are offering it.

Mr. Roosevelt, says Mr. Woodruff, thinks the alleged finding of \$300,000 in the Democratic treasury "queer." But the good E. H. Harriman's gift of \$264,000 to the Republican campaign fund four years ago looked to the same eyes perfectly straight and normal.—New York Evening Post.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Longworth's Childish Denial Is but Added Confirmation.

The Longworth affair goes from bad to worse. Just before the congressman left Evansville he was quoted as admitting the now celebrated Roosevelt remarks, and indorsing them as exactly his opinion. Now, at Cincinnati, he seems to have changed his mind, and denies that he mentioned Roosevelt at all in his Rock Island speech. Evidently he has seen a great light, possibly shining from the direction of the White House.

But Mr. Longworth's denial comes too late. Several reputable Rock Island residents have made sworn statements of the circumstances, and their reports of what the congressman had said have been proved by the incautious admission of Longworth.

Republican campaign managers and editors are now anxious that the Longworth episode may move the president himself to take the stump, and some of them go so far as to announce their belief that such a course would be very injurious, if not fatal, to the Taft chances.

The public is curious to know just how the Cincinnati congressman will answer the sworn affidavits of Rock Island residents who heard him let the Roosevelt cat out of the bag.

The Democratic Campaign Fund. The most far-reaching reform ever wrought in American politics will have been accomplished if Democratic managers succeed in raising an adequate fund for this year's presidential campaign from popular subscriptions and from contributions limited to sums not in excess of \$10,000.

And the announced purpose of Mr. Bryan and the Democratic national committee to make public, before the election, the name of every contributor of \$100 or more, and we have an absolute guarantee that the Democratic campaign fund of 1906, be it large or small, will be all clean money.

The Democratic estimate of \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 for the necessary and legitimate expenses of the campaign contrasts sharply with the Republican estimate of \$3,000,000, and with Treasurer Sheldon's call for half a million just as a starter.

All Right. "Incidentally," writes the president, "I may mention that I am informed that this particular (Harriman) contribution was not used for the national campaign at all, but in the New York state campaign." From which we infer that every purchased voter was distinctly warned that he was paid to vote for Higgins, but not for Roosevelt. That, of course, made it all right.—Harper's Weekly.

Of What Force? Of what force is President Roosevelt's blather about the trusts as long as he steers clear of the tariff, the prolific mother of the brats?—Philadelphia Record.

There Stands Nelson B. Aldrich. And yet there stands Nelson B. Aldrich, like Tenerife or Atlas, unmoved.

Mr. Foraker of Ohio has been repudiated because forsooth he has been an attorney for the oil trust and does not deny the connection, but candidly asserts it and stands pat. But how about Nelson B. Aldrich of Rhode Island, not insidiously described by one of his biographers as "the man who runs the United States"? Mr. Aldrich is related to Standard Oil by ties of blood-money and marriage.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Almost Monarchy. How can an American citizen vote for Taft, considering only this one point: that Roosevelt named him to succeed himself? Is it legal to use federal power to help elect a president, as Roosevelt does?

A Republican organ rejoices that Taft has been drawing crowds as big as those of a league baseball game. But they are not bigger than those Tom Reed drew in the west in 1890, the year of the great Republican slump.

A DEPOSED MINISTER

PETER ALBERTI, DANISH STATES-MAN AND BANK WRECKER.

Peasants of His Country De-frauded of Millions Through His Ambition to Become Rich in a Short Time.

London.—Denmark's deposed minister of justice, Peter Adler Alberti, who is now awaiting trial on his confession that he embezzled deposits amounting to about \$2,000,000 from a bank whose patrons were chiefly poor peasants, came to his downfall through an ambition to become very rich in a short time. He is said to have lost the money of the depositors through rash investments in American stocks, but his losses were apparently not all at one time, for, according to his own story, he has falsified the books of the bank for the last 14 years.

Alberti was born June 10, 1851. His father was prominent in politics and was the founder of the bank which has been ruined. The young man was bred to the law and practiced the profession for a number of years. During this practice he developed a talent for organization, starting a fire insurance company and a company for the exportation of butter to England. Both the elder and the younger Alberti were identified with the Danish agricultural interests in politics and in business, these interests being the leading ones of the nation. The bank founded by the elder Alberti was named "Bondenstandens Sparekasse"—Peasants' Savings bank—and was considered, until the revelations of the younger Alberti's perfidy, one of the soundest financial institutions in Denmark.

While visiting London for the purpose of transacting business for the butter export company, Alberti had an opportunity of making, unobserved by



his countrymen, the investments that turned out ruinously for him and disastrously for the people who trusted him. His victims were not only the peasant depositors in the bank, but also several exporting and manufacturing firms in which he was interested and individuals who advanced him large sums of money. Even King Frederik VIII. is said to have been Alberti's creditor to the amount of \$400,000.

As a politician Alberti became prominent about 1892. He was a reformer and a leader who, despite his treachery in business, was a legislator of value to the nation. It is generally admitted that in his early political career he meant well for Denmark and few criticisms of this part of his career are heard. But his later business life was subjected to close scrutiny by his political enemies and this led to his exposure.

King Christian, who died in January, 1906, trusted Alberti implicitly. His son, the present king, continued to have faith in the banker-minister of justice. Last June, when the leaders of the Social Democrats fiercely assailed Alberti, King Frederik refused to believe that his trusted minister could have done anything wrong and bestowed fresh honors on him. From Germany, Norway and Greece, also, Alberti received honors in the form of decorations.

In appearance Alberti in his prosperity was handsome and dignified, possessing an air of authority and ability that made for him many admirers and supporters. An indefatigable worker, he had the faculty of inspiring others to work hard also, and up to the last was calm and apparently undisturbed by the indignation he had aroused.

Alberti has been twice married. His first wife was divorced from him and is married to the Danish tenor, Peter Cornelius, who is considered one of the greatest living singers of Wagner operas. The second wife of Alberti is trying to intercede for him on the plea that he cannot face a long term of imprisonment because of a serious disease of which he is a victim, and that he has done signal service for the state. Her pleas are not likely to be of avail, for all Denmark regards it as a national calamity that Alberti should have proved so great a thief, and is determined that he shall be punished.

He Had a Motor. "No, sir," said the motorist, "the alibi is utterly impracticable."

"Do you speak as a scientist?" asked the other.

"No, sir. As a man of experience. Suppose your engine breaks or your petrol gives out and leaves you stuck away up in a cloud bank, how are you going to get a team of horses to pull you out?"

Some One Will Fall. An excavation in the street may not be a temptation, yet some person will hurry along and fall right into it.